

AMERICAN
COMIC BOOKS
ACB

STORIES OF STRANGE ADVENTURE

N° 82 - SEPT.

IND.

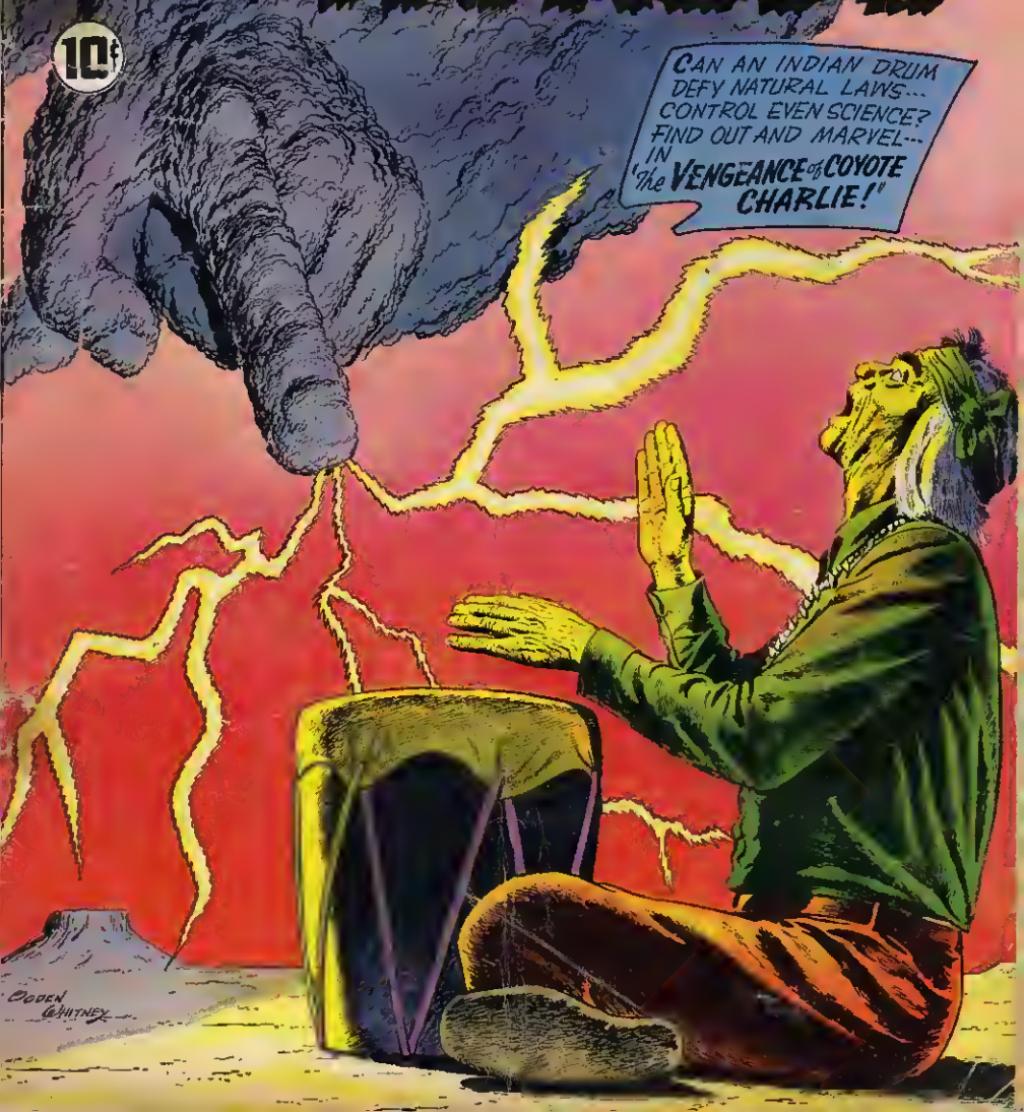
APPROVED
BY THE
COMICS
CODE

AUTHORITY

FORBIDDEN WORLDS

10¢

CAN AN INDIAN DRUM
DEFY NATURAL LAWS...
CONTROL EVEN SCIENCE?
FIND OUT AND MARVEL...
IN
"The VENGEANCE OF COYOTE
CHARLIE!"



O'DON
CHITNEY

WEB COMIC UNIVERSE.COM



LOOK! *Thousands*

Who Never Thought They Could- NOW MAKING \$50 to \$500 *in Spare Time...*



"FEATURE" \$100 CHRISTMAS ASS'T.
We'll send you the spectacular new "Feature" Christmas Assortment. These 21 deluxe cards would cost \$2.50 if bought singly.

... Just Supplying Friends and Neighbors with World-Famous Wallace Brown **CHRISTMAS CARDS**

WE'LL SEND YOU THIS ASSORTMENT ON APPROVAL PLUS EVERYTHING ELSE YOU NEED TO START *Free!*

There's no trick to making extra money. Thousands of Boys, Girls, Men, Women who never earned any extra money before are now enjoying \$50 to \$500 cash for just a few hours spare time. So can you! It's simple—everyone you know needs Christmas Cards. Friends, relatives, neighbors, tradespeople will buy their cards from someone. Why not you? With the exciting 1959 Wallace Brown Line of nationally famous Christmas Cards, you supply them with greetings so spectacular, so low-priced, that they sell on sight. Folks snap up 2, 3, 6 or more boxes on the spot. You make up to 50¢ on each one. Could anything be simpler? We make it easier yet by sending you our "Feature" Christmas Assortment that does the selling for you. See without risking a penny how much fun making extra money can be. Just mail coupon TODAY! You'll be glad you did!

76 BIG MONEY MAKERS—Send Coupon Below

Cash in on the 76 opportunities for easy extra money with the 1959 Wallace Brown Line of Christmas and Everyday Cards and Gift Items. Mail coupon—get sample of 21-Cord "Feature" Christmas Ass't. on approval. And FREE Samples of Personal Name-Imprinted Cards. Plus FREE full-color catalog showing all 76 money-makers... more Christmas Assortments, Everyday Cards, Stationery, Gift Wrapping, Novelty Gifts, etc. Everything you need to start making money on sale—we show you how. Just mail the coupon TODAY!



FREE Samples of Popular-Priced Name-Imprinted PERSONAL CHRISTMAS CARDS

Thrill your friends and neighbors and make even MORE MONEY for yourself with exquisite custom-designed NAME-IMPRINTED Christmas Cards at amazingly low prices. A large variety of exclusive, original designs for folks who want the finest quality in personalized Christmas Cards at prices everyone can afford. They sell just by being shown. It's so easy, too, because we ship direct to your customers and we pay postage. You have no bother, no wasted time making deliveries. Send coupon for FREE Samples of the 4 Great New Lines of these fast-selling cards.

ORGANIZATIONS:

Churches, clubs, etc., can add hundreds of dollars to treasuries with these fast sellers. Give organization name on coupon.

SEND NO MONEY

Paste Coupon on postcard
or mail in envelope

WALLACE BROWN, INC.
11 East 26th St., Dept. W-5
New York 10, New York

Send 21-card "Feature" Christmas Assortment, postpaid and on approval, plus FREE Samples of Name-Imprinted Personal C.I. Cards, FREE full-color Catalog of 76 more money-makers, and details of simple money-making plan.

Name: _____

Address: _____

City & Zone: _____ State: _____

If writing for an organization, give its name: _____

Wallace Brown, Inc.

11 East 26th St., Dept. W-5
New York 10, New York

DID YOU NOTICE THE UNUSUAL WEATHER WE HAD LAST YEAR? HURRICANES, FLOODS, DROUGHT, BLIZZARDS, TORNADOES! ATTRIBUTE IT TO SUNSPOTS OR ATOM BOMB TESTS IF YOU LIKE, BUT HAMILTON FRUMP BLAMES IT ALL ON...

VENGEANCE of COYOTE CHARLIE!

STORY:
KURATO OSAKI
ART:
OGDEN WHITNEY



READERS MEET HAMILTON FRUMP, METEOROLOGIST AT THE RED SANDS WEATHER STATION. FOR THE PAST THREE MONTHS, HIS EVERY FORECAST HAS BEEN ACCURATE!

AH YES, WITH THE LATEST BAROGRAPHS, ANEMOMETERS AND OTHER ADVANCED INSTRUMENTS, PREDICTING THE WEATHER HAS BECOME AN EXACT SCIENCE.



BUT FOR A REALLY ACCURATE WEATHER FORECAST, I HAVE A SPECIAL TECHNIQUE--A SECRET METHOD THAT CAN'T MISS! IF YOU'LL JUST FOLLOW ME, I'LL EXPLAIN--



THAT'S OLD CHARLIE--THE LAST OF HIS TRIBE AND THE BEST WEATHER FORECASTER IN THE SOUTHWEST! IF YOU'VE GOT A MOMENT, I'LL TELL YOU HOW HE PROVED IT!



"SINCE EARLY CHILDHOOD COYOTE CHARLIE HAD CULTIVATED A GARDEN WHERE HE RAISED THE MAIZE, BEANS AND SQUASH THAT HELPED TO FEED HIS TRIBE..."



"AS A MEDICINE MAN, OLD CHARLIE WAS THE BEST! IN THE DRIEST YEARS, HIS CHANTS COULD BRING RAIN FROM THE SKY SPIRIT..."



"BUT OVER THE YEARS, THE TRIBE DWINDLED UNTIL ONLY CHARLIE REMAINED. AND THEN ONE FINE DAY CAME THE PALEFACE SOLDIERS..."

COLONEL, THIS IS JUST THE PLACE WE NEED FOR OUR NEW ROCKET BASE.

EXCELLENT TERRAIN, SIR. I THINK YOU'VE MADE A FINE CHOICE.



THAT WEATHER STATION IS A BREAK FOR US. WE'LL BE ABLE TO USE THEIR FORECASTS TO GUIDE OUR LAUNCHINGS...

AND THIS LAND--IT USED TO BELONG TO THE INDIANS, BUT THE TRIBE DIED OFF--ALL BUT ONE OLD CODGER. WE'RE GOING TO VISIT HIM NOW!



"GENERAL AND SCIENTISTS SPOKE LONG AND EARNESTLY TO COYOTE CHARLIE, BUT THE POOR INDIAN COULDN'T UNDERSTAND WHAT WAS HAPPENING..."

NOW LOOK, FRIEND, I'M THROUGH TRYING TO EXPLAIN. WE NEED THIS LAND FOR A ROCKET BASE. WE'RE OFFERING YOU FIVE

HUNDRED DOLLARS FOR THAT SANDBOX YOU CALL A GARDEN. TAKE IT OR LEAVE IT!

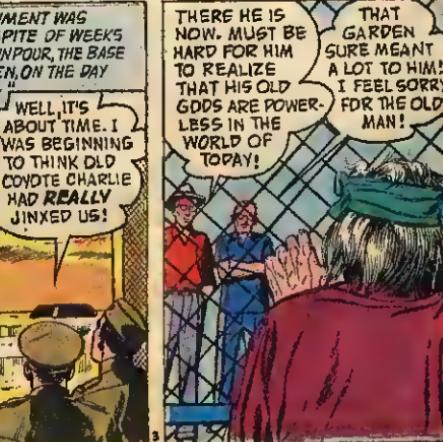
WHAT GOOD IS MONEY? CAN CHARLIE EAT IT LIKE CORN OR BEANS? NO! CHARLIE NOT SELL!



IF THAT'S YOUR ATTITUDE, I'LL HAVE THE COURTS CONFISCATE THE LAND. WE'LL TAKE IT AWAY FROM YOU!

NO! PALEFACE GENERAL CANNOT TAKE AWAY WHAT IS CHARLIE'S. THE SKY SPIRIT WILL NOT PERMIT IT!





"BUT CHARLIE DIDN'T WANT THEIR SYMPATHY. ON THE DAY OF THE FIRST ROCKET TEST, HE WAS BACK WITH HIS DRUM..."

OF COURSE NOT, COLONEL. THE WHOLE IDEA IS PREPOSTEROUSLY UNSCIENTIFIC!



"BUT AS THE COUNT-DOWN BEGAN FOR TEST LAUNCHING..."

TEN! NINE! EIGHT! SEVEN! SIX! FIVE!...



"THEN SUDDENLY OUT OF THE SKY IT CAME...A FIERY BOLT OF LIGHTNING..."



THE MISSILE WAS ENGULFED IN FLAME AS THE ROCKET FUEL EXPLODED...

QUICKLY, MEN, WE'VE GOT TO SAVE AS MUCH OF THAT ROCKET AS WE CAN! EVERY SECOND COUNTS!



"TO THE SCIENTISTS AND TECHNICIANS, WHAT THEY HAD SEEN WAS UNBELIEVABLE..."

BUT IT'S IMPOSSIBLE! LIGHTNING STRIKING OUT OF A CLEAR BLUE SKY...

IF I HADN'T SEEN IT WITH MY OWN EYES...



"AND AT THE FENCE, OLD CHARLIE ROSE TO LEAVE, LIKE A MAN WHOSE WORK WAS DONE..."

THAT OLD FAKER...I'LL BET HE ACTUALLY BELIEVES THAT DRUM OF HIS HELPED BLOW UP THE ROCKET!

BUT YOU'VE GOT TO ADMIT IT I WAS QUITE A COINCIDENCE!



(CONTINUED ON PAGE AFTER NEXT)

"BUT THE DAY BEFORE THE NEXT ROCKET LAUNCHING FOUND CHARLIE CRUCHED OUTSIDE THE FENCE ONCE MORE..."

I DON'T GET IT.
HE HASN'T GOT HIS DRUM
WITH HIM, BUT HE'S MAKING
SOME KIND OF STRANGE SIGN
ON THE GROUND. WHAT DO
YOU MAKE OF IT, FRUMP?

THAT'S AN INDIAN SAND
PAINTING, SOME KIND OF
APPEAL TO THE SPIRITS:
BUT I'VE NEVER SEEN
ONE DONE IN A SPIRAL
PATTERN. WONDER WHAT
IT MEANS?



"NOTHING HAPPENED THAT DAY, BUT THAT NIGHT, THE ANCIENT PUEBLO ECHOED TO THE BEAT OF CHARLIE'S DRUM..."

HE'S DOWN IN
THE KIVA--THE SACRED
UNDERGROUND ROOM OF
THE PUEBLO. FROM THE
SOUND OF THAT DRUM,
HE'S WORKING ON
SOMETHING REALLY
SPECIAL!

TALK SENSE,
FRUMP. YOU'RE A
SCIENTIST--DON'T
TELL ME THAT OLD
REDSKIN HAS YOU
HOODWINKED TOO!



"AND YET, THE NEXT MORNING, OUT OF A CLEAR, CALM SKY..."

LOOK, A
TORNADO!
AND
HEADED
THIS
WAY!

"IN THE NEXT MOMENT, THE TORNADO HAD SEIZED
THE ROCKET, BROKEN ITS BACK AND LEFT IT A
SHATTERED RUIN!"



"AS IF GUIDED BY SOME MIGHTY HAND, THE TORNADO
MOVED UNERRINGLY TOWARD ITS TARGET..."

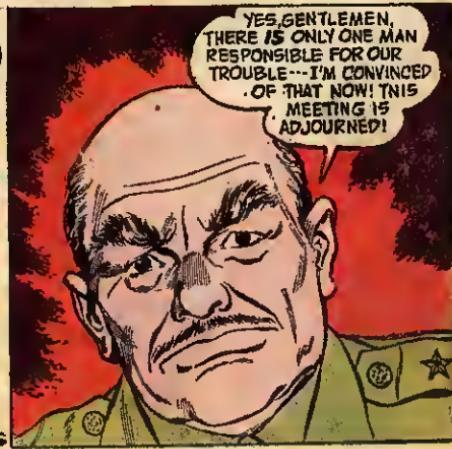
THAT TWISTER
IS COMING STRAIGHT
FOR THE LAUNCHING
PAD!
QUICK, INSIDE
... BEFORE THAT
WINDSTORM DROPS
US INTO THE NEXT
COUNTY!

"LATER THEY CAME TO THE WEATHER STATION,
SEARCHING ANXIOUSLY FOR THE KEY TO THE
STRANGE EVENT..."

IT'S YOUR FAULT, FRUMP! IF
YOU HAD GIVEN US EVEN A
HINT OF SUCH UNSTABLE
WEATHER, WE NEVER
WOULD HAVE HAD THAT
MISSILE ON THE
LAUNCHING PAD!

BUT GENTLEMEN,
YOU DON'T UNDER-
STAND, THERE WASN'T
A SIGN, AN INDICATION
... THIS ISN'T EVEN
TORNADO COUNTRY!



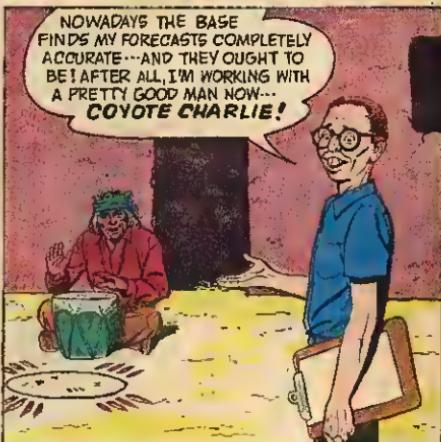


THE GENERAL LEFT, HIS FACE A MASK OF GRIM PURPOSE.
ANXIOUSLY, THEY FOLLOWED HIM TOWARD THE BASE FENCE.
IT WAS THERE THAT HE MET OLD CHARLIE..."

ALL RIGHT, SITTING BULL,
YOU'VE WON! YOU CAN
HAVE YOUR BLASTED
GARDEN! I'M REMOVING
THE FENCE!

AH! PALEFACE
SOLDIER GETTING
SMART NOW!

THAT WAS ALL MONTHS AGO. THE
WEATHER IS MUCH MORE PREDICTABLE
NOW--AND CHARLIE'S GARDEN IS GOOD
FOR A BUMPER CROP THIS YEAR.



From YOUR EDITOR-to YOU!

Hello, "Forbidden Worlds" fans! We hope you're interested in the project we announced last month—finding out what our typical readers are like. You'll recollect that we asked you to write and tell us about yourself. Well—that means *you!* And let us know what you like and dislike about our stories, while you're writing. Remember that we plan to publish the most interesting letters—so if you want to be introduced to your fellow-fans, address yours to The Editor, "Forbidden Worlds," 347 Fifth Avenue, New York 16, N. Y. And now, let's look over some of the interesting mail we've been receiving!

"Dear Editor:—

No one can please all of the people all of the time, but you guys at "Forbidden Worlds" sure are putting forth an amazing effort to please as many people as possible. I feel that the autobiographies of your writers and artists should be alternated. One autobiography one month, and the next month, all letters from the readers. "Queen Of Uranus" was real cute and was worth the price of the entire magazine. "Flaming Phantom" was a little weak, good art work though. "The Stray" was highly entertaining, but "The Oracle Stone" wasn't quite up to your usual standards. But all in all, your magazine was well worth the money. Please put me down in your books as a steady newsstand customer. Okay? Okay!

—George Smith, Wichita, Kans."

We do our best, George. Your idea of alternating biographical material with all letters is interesting and we are considering doing something like this. Thanks. . . .

"Dear Editor:—

I just read your December issue of "Forbidden Worlds" again. I was reading "From Your Editor To You" and I think David Taylor is as crazy as a loon. As for me, I think "Forbidden Worlds" and "Adventures Into The Unknown" are the best comic books on the stands. Everywhere I go, north, south, east or west, I always see your comic books. And while we're at it, how about having some more adventures of Herbie Popnecker real soon? I thought the story about him and "The Riddle Of Robert O'Malley" were the best stories yet. So how about some more stories about Herbie? And where did he get his strange powers?

—Don Molino, Paris, Texas."

We'd say that little Herbie Popnecker is quite a guy. He likes you, too! About those powers of his—he doesn't like to talk about them, but he did say that he's got powers he hasn't even used yet! We're curious about them, too, so if we get a chance to bring Herbie back, we sure will!

"Dear Editor:—

Could I make a little suggestion? Probably

quite a few of the readers of your two glorious mags are collectors, right? Well, how about starting a back-issue trading post in "Forbidden Worlds" and "Adventures Into The Unknown"? It would give readers a chance to buy, sell and trade back copies and complete their collections. Since you have stated about 6,000 times that back issues generally aren't available, I sincerely think it's worth a try, since I'm determined to complete my collection! Then you could form an organization of some type and christen it something like "F. W. & A. I. T. U. Fan Club"—but I know you can think of a better name. How about it—do I have an idea? Hope so!

—Jeff L. Patton, Park Ridge, Ill."

We'd say that Jeff has come up with an interesting thought: Do any of you other readers have any suggestions on the above? Shall we get with it?

"Dear Editor:—

I've been reading your magazines for I don't know how many years, and in my opinion, "Forbidden Worlds" and "Adventures Into The Unknown" are the best! I've just finished reading issue No. 76, "The Glittering Nightmare," "Professor Benton's Bettors" and "The Second Henry Stone" were superb both in art and literary work. But "In The Beginning" was really a flop. I hope you don't think I'm just looking for attention, but this story really was dull and the ending was silly. But your magazine is really great and I hope you keep up the fine work. But I do have one more complaint—I don't like those one or two-page stories. I do like "From Your Editor To You" very much. There—now you can hate me!

—Ada DiFelice, Detroit, Mich."

Hate you, Ada? Perish the thought! You've got every right to your opinions. We don't agree with you about "In The Beginning"—but we will admit that we seem to have failed with regard to this story. Our failure was due to a great ending which, unfortunately, lacked clarity. Many readers didn't quite get what we were driving at. What we strove to show was that the ancient ancestors of the cavemen had left advice to help the progress of their descendants. But this advice wasn't uttered by spirit voices, as the cavemen thought—but was conveyed on a tape recorder left by the highly civilized ancestors. And now, about short features—they don't contain enough room for a story us good as our longer efforts, but we need them occasionally to round out a book!

"Dear Editor:—

I enjoy "Forbidden Worlds" very much. There seems to be much comment on "A Highly Localized Snowfall." I didn't get the issue that carried that story, since I'm just a recent fan. On the cover of one of your issues, you had a picture of a dog, with mechanical insides. But in the story itself, the dog merely had unusually-shaped organs. How come? I enjoy "From Your Editor To You" very much. I've noticed that some "fans" seem to dislike what they read. Steve Gorman is one of these people. You'd think he'd be a

little more polite about the whole thing. But keep up the good work! A loyal fan—
—Anne Healey, Ithaca, N. Y."

Welcome to our readership, Anne! Sometimes there are differences in our covers. At times it's due to the fact that another artist has done the cover and adds his own ideas to it. And at other times, it's just symbolic. It's true about some of our critics being impolite. Funny thing—they lambaste us, but they keep coming back for more!

"Dear Editor:

I've written three times already, and not once did you show consideration enough to publish my letter. Everyone won't praise you, you know, but that's what you expect. You write on top of the Editor's page: "Write and tell us if you like or dislike our magazine." Well, some people dislike your comic and tell you and you insult them! If you don't want criticism, why not write, "We want only praise!" Let's face it—you do. I bet you won't have an answer for this. Some letters are awful strange—maybe you make them up, like once before. The people who don't like your comic are not cranks—we merely dislike it!

—Carolyn Jones, New York, N. Y."

Oh, Carolyn, Carolyn. Not publishing your previous letters wasn't due to any lack of consideration—just to lack of space. We get several thousand letters from readers every month—and select letters that we feel our readers might be interested in. We don't select only letters of praise—just reading these pages should prove that. True, a lot of letters panning us never see the light of day—just as we don't print many letters that praise us. If you only see one brickbat to ten orchids here, it's because that's the proportion. People who don't like our magazine aren't necessarily cranks—but with others, just reading their rude babbles is the tipoff. And about making up letters—we don't have to do that, fortunately. In closing, we pointed out, above, that some people lambaste us, but keep coming back for more. If you've written us three times already, as you state, we'd say you're in that class!

"Dear Editor:

I've been reading 'Forbidden Worlds' every chance I could get to buy one. I think issue No. 77 was great! Especially 'The Golden Doom.' I seemed to have—well, it had just the right things to make a fine story. You had better keep writers like Ogden Whitney. I also liked the story he wrote in issue No. 78—"The Stray." When I read a good fiction comic, I make believe that I'm actually there. If everybody tried reading like this, they'd get a kick out of it with such stories as you publish. I'll be waiting at the stand for your next issue!

—David Sheets, Farmington, Mich."

You're a bit off on Ogden Whitney, David. He's not a writer, but an artist, and a darned good one. He drew "The Golden Doom," but had nothing ta do with "The Stray."

"Dear Editor:

Came across your March issue of 'Forbidden Worlds.' I really don't wish to be sarcastic, but for my own benefit, is your bear man on the cover supposed to have two left feet—or did the artist goof?

—Mike DeStefano, Ridgway, Penna."

You're not the only one who's written in on that score, Mike, and we're studying that cover care-

fully this very moment. We feel that you're mistaken. The foot that's shown is the left one. The other leg is the right—look at it again!

"Dear Editor:

I think that "A Highly Localized Snowfall" was the best story I've ever read. In fact, my brother and I have started a collection of your wonderful magazines. My brother thinks "In The Beginning" was the most. I think that everyone should buy "Forbidden Worlds!"

—Susan and Pat Hammond, Enid, Okla."

Readers like you make it all so worthwhile, Susan! We promise to keep working our heads off to bring you the kind of exciting stories you like!

"Dear Editor:

I've read your two magazines for a very long time and I have never really disliked a story you've printed. The artwork in your books is almost as wonderful as the stories. I've just finished reading your May issue of "Forbidden Worlds," and believe that the best story was "The Oracle Stone." Artist Ogden Whitney is really terrific. Maybe you could have one issue with all the stories illustrated by one artist. Then if you have such an issue, you could tell the artist's or writer's history. I'm glad you publish the letters from some of those crackpots, since it gives others a chance to write in and embarrass them, if it's possible to do that to those idiots. Well—here's hoping you continue with your excellent work! A loyal fan—

—Jackie Finley, Niagara Falls, N. Y."

Know what, Jackie? We're going to get in some irate crank letters charging that there's no such person as Jackie Finley—that we made up your letter! However, let's be sensible about these things. There may be people who hate our magazine and detest our stories who aren't cranks, but sincere. You can always distinguish the crank from the critic . . . the crank is the one who gets abusive!

"Dear Editor:

I just started reading "Forbidden Worlds" three months ago, but I had to write and tell you what I thought of issue No. 78. "The Stray" was the best story I've ever read. It not only showed exciting fiction, but the love that animals can give you if you show them a little kindness. "The Oracle Stone" was very good, but when I got to "The Flaming Phantom," I thought it was a disgrace to be put with the other great stories. "Queen Of Uranus" was also one of the best stories I've ever read. Hope you don't mind me telling you what I thought of "The Flaming Phantom"!

—J. G. Cox, Norfolk City, Va."

We don't mind at all hearing an adverse opinion, and thank you just as sincerely for it as if it had been praise. After all, how are we ever going to continue to improve unless our friends tell us where we've missed the boat? This is well-meant and constructive criticism, and we welcome it. Matter of fact, you've got a lot of company in your adverse opinion on "The Flaming Phantom." Sorry you didn't like it. Actually, this is a documented recountal of a sea story widely believed to be true. In other words, it's supposed to be fact, not fiction—and we feel that this is the reason many folks didn't go for it. Our readers want plots—so we'll try not to repeat our mistakes in the future!

The LITTLE MAN who wasn't THERE !



IT WAS AT THE OUTDOOR EXHIBIT ON THE SQUARE THAT CAMERON LANE SPOTTED HIM - A PITIFULLY SHIRKED AND HALF-STARVED FIGURE LOST AMONG HIS DUNGAREE-CLAD COLLEAGUES -

PLEASE, SIR, WOULD YOU BUY MY PAINTING ? ALL I ASK IS FIVE DOLLARS ! I NEED THE MONEY SO BADLY--



HE WAS A PITIFUL SIGHT, SO OUT OF THE KINDNESS OF HIS HEART, CAMERON BOUGHT THE PAINTING ...

WELL, I DON'T UNDERSTAND THIS ABSTRACT ART VERY WELL, BUT HERE'S THE FIVE DOLLARS ANYHOW.

THANK YOU, SIR. YOU'LL NEVER REGRET IT ! NEVER !



IT WAS TWO DAYS LATER THAT A VISITING FRIEND, AN ART DEALER, NOTICED THE CANVAS IN LANE'S STUDY-

CAMERON, MY BOY, YOUR TASTE IS IMPROVING. WHERE EVER DID YOU FIND THIS MAGNIFICENT RAVAGNE PAINTING ?

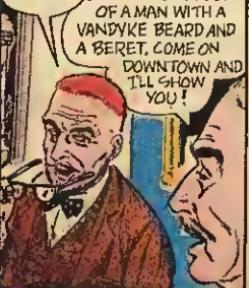
OH, DO YOU KNOW THE ARTIST ? I BOUGHT THAT FROM HIM TWO DAYS AGO AT THE OUTDOOR EXHIBIT DOWNTOWN. POOR FELLOW WAS HALF-STARVED !



BUT THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE -- RAVAGNE'S BEEN DEAD TWENTY-FIVE YEARS ! HE DIED OF STARVATION -- HIS PAINTINGS ARE WORTH A FORTUNE TODAY !

BUT-BUT I SAW THE MAN WITH MY OWN EYES ! THIN, DRIED-UP SHELL-UP !

OF A MAN WITH A VANDYKE BEARD AND A BERET. COME ON DOWNTOWN AND I'LL SHOW YOU !



THEY HASTENED TO THE EXHIBIT, BUT THERE ...

FROM YOUR DESCRIPTION THAT ARTIST COULD ONLY HAVE BEEN THE IMMORTAL RAVAGNE -- BUT WHERE IS HE NOW ?

I TELL YOU I SAW HIM HERE -- SPEKE

TO HIM, BOUGHT THAT PAINTING FROM HIM !



IT'S YEARS SINCE, NOW, LANE'S CANVAS HAS BEEN DECLARED A GENUINE RAVAGNE -- A MASTERPIECE WORTH A FORTUNE ...

WELL, HE SAID I'D NEVER RE-GRET BUYING IT -- AND I GUESS I HAVEN'T !



- End -

THEY WERE PATIENT AND TIME WAS NO OBSTACLE! BUT WHEN A MILLION YEARS HAD PASSED, THEY THOUGHT IT PROPER AND FITTING TO DROP BY FOR...

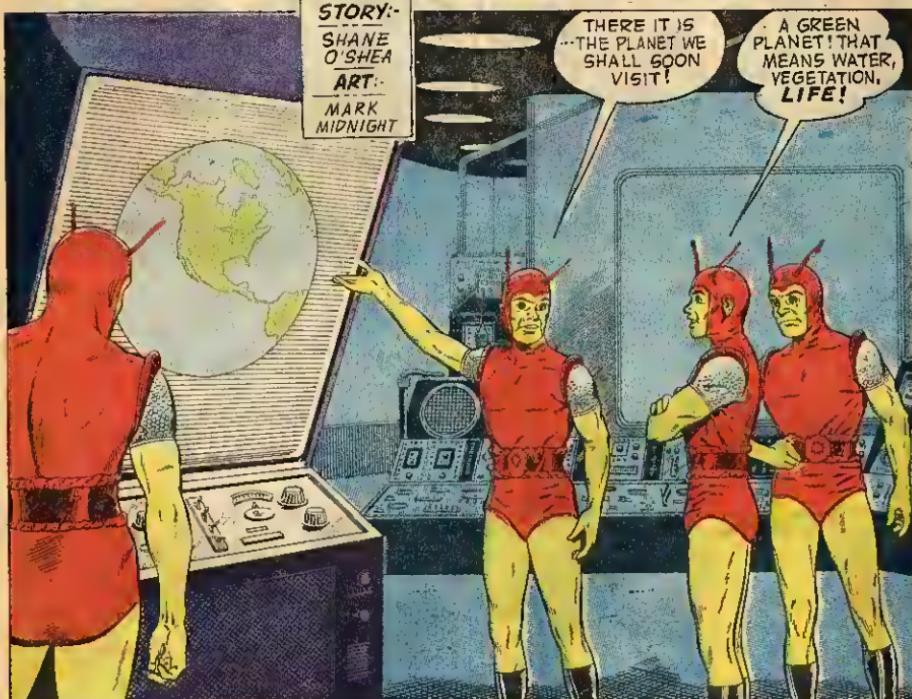
A SECOND LOOK!

STORY:-

SHANE O'SHEA

ART:-

MARK MIDNIGHT



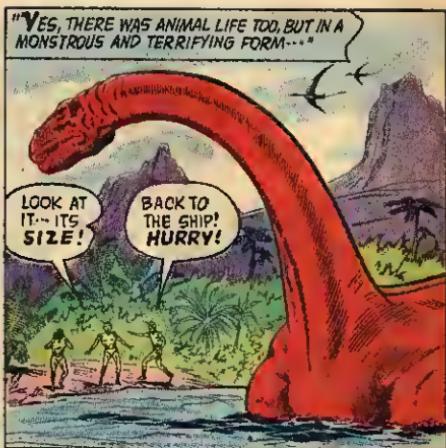
THAT IS THE IMPORTANT THING, ROGG, LIFE! IT IS OUR HOPE THAT THE SPECIES LIVING ON THIS WORLD WILL BE SUITABLE FOR DOMINATION BY OUR OWN KIND...

AS YOU ALREADY KNOW, AN EXPLORING GROUP FROM OUR WORLD VISITED THIS GREEN PLANET A MILLION YEARS BACK!

AND WAS THERE LIFE ON IT THEN?

YES, THERE WAS LIFE ON THIS PLANET, AND OUR FORBEARS TURNED IN A FULL AND EXCELLENT REPORT!





SHORTLY AFTERWARDS, THE SPACE SHIP BEARING THE EXPLORATION PARTY SOARED OFF INTO SPACE. THE MISSION BRINGING THEM TO THE GREEN PLANET WAS UNDERWAY...

SWIFTLY THE BROAD, DARK STRETCHES OF SPACE WERE SPANNED. SOON THE PLANET WAS, BEHOLD THEM...



AND WHEN THEY STEPPED OUT INTO THE SILENT, WAITING NIGHT...



SUDDENLY...



IN A BURST OF SPEED, THEY SOARED INTO SPACE...

ANOTHER MOMENT AND THAT MONSTROUS FLYING CREATURE WOULD HAVE HAD US!

IT IS STRANGE! THE MONSTERS OUR FOR-BEARERS HAD SEEN HERE A MILLION YEARS AGO ARE STILL HERE! THERE HAS BEEN NO CHANGE... NO ADVANCE IN THE LIFE FORM!

THERE CAN BE ONE ANSWER! FOR REASONS WE CANNOT EXPLAIN, THE GREEN PLANET HAS BEEN CAUGHT IN AN EVOLUTIONARY FREEZE! LIFE HERE HAS COME TO A STANDSTILL, PROGRESS HALTED INDEFINITELY!

YES! THAT MUST BE SO!



FARTHER AND FARTHER INTO SPACE WENT THE HURTLING SAUCER BACK TO WHERE IT CAME FROM! AND ON THE GREEN PLANET, WHEN NIGHT GAVE WAY TO DAY...

HOW'D IT GO LAST NIGHT, FRED?

SMOOTH AS SILK, MR. GARETT! NOT A HITCH ANYWHERE--



I PUT THE PROPS THROUGH THEIR PACES LAST NIGHT AND THEY WORKED LIKE A CHARM! WE CAN OPEN ANYTIME YOU'RE READY!



BUT STILL, I KEEP WONDERING IF THIS DINOSAUR AMUSEMENT PARK WILL GO OVER WITH THE PUBLIC! IT COULD END UP AN AWFUL FLOP!

MAYBE NOT, MR. GARETT! I THINK IT HAS A GOOD CHANCE TO SUCCEED!



BUT UNKNOWN TO THEM, THE AMUSEMENT PARK HAD SUCCEEDED---AND FAR BEYOND THEIR FONDEST HOPES!

WE MAY AS WELL FORGET THE GREEN PLANET! THE CHANCES ARE IT WILL NEVER SUPPORT AN INTELLIGENT FORM OF LIFE! THERE ARE OTHER WORLDS TO DOMINATE, HOWEVER--WE WILL LOOK ELSEWHERE!



THE END

HE WAS A SCIENTIST, A MAN TRAINED TO BELIEVE ONLY WHAT HE COULD SEE WITH HIS OWN EYES, MEASURE WITH HIS INSTRUMENTS! AND YET HOW COULD ANYONE BELIEVE HIS FANTASTIC TALE OF...

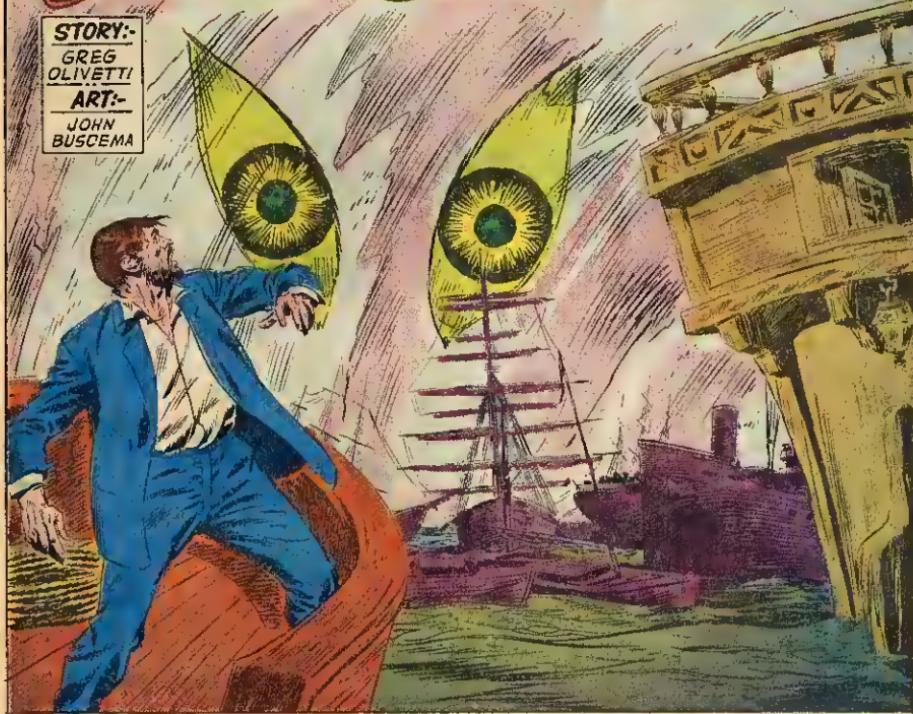
THE SECRET of the SARGASSO!

STORY:-

GREG OLIVETTI

ART:-

JOHN BUSCEMA



OUR STORY BEGINS ABOARD A FREIGHTER WHICH HAD JUST SURVIVED A SOUTH ATLANTIC HURRICANE...

AHOY, THE BRIDGE!
MAN ADRIFT OFF THE STARBOARD BOW!

HE'S FLOATING ON SOME WRECKAGE
---MUST BE A CASTAWAY WHO LOST HIS SHIP IN THE STORM.



BUT AS THE CASTAWAY WAS HAULED ABOARD--

I WAS BEGINNING TO GIVE UP HOPE. BOGGS IS THE NAME...
LANCLOLOT BOGGS.

BUT THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE!
LANCLOLOT BOGGS VANISHED AT SEA SIX MONTHS AGO...
HE WAS GIVEN UP FOR LOST!



LOST? YES, MANY'S THE TIME IN
THE LAST SIX MONTHS I'VE GIVEN
MYSELF UP FOR LOST, TOO. WHAT
HAPPENED TO ME, WHAT I'VE
GONE THROUGH—IT'S
UNBELIEVABLE!



HE TOLD HOW HE'D BEEN LEADING
AN OCEANOGRAPHIC EXPEDITION
ACROSS THE SOUTH ATLANTIC...

HERE IT IS, CAPTAIN, A MAP
SPOTTING THE LAST KNOWN
LOCATION OF HUNDREDS OF SHIPS
WHICH DISAPPEARED IN THIS PART
OF THE OCEAN, THROUGH THE LAST
FEW CENTURIES. MANY OF THEM
VANISHED INTO THIN AIR IN CALM
WEATHER...



AND YOU THINK THERE'S SOME-
THING THAT TIES ALL THESE
DISAPPEARANCES
TOGETHER?

IM CERTAIN
OF IT! SOMEWHERE
OUT HERE, WE'LL FINO
ALL THOSE VESSELS,
FIND THEM STILL
AFLOAT!



TO THE OFFICERS ABOARD THE "SEAFoAM" BOGGS'
THEORIES WERE A SOURCE OF CONSTANT AMUSEMENT...

AND YOU BELIEVE THAT SOME DAY
YOU'LL FIND ALL THESE VANISHED
SHIPS FLOATING TOGETHER LIKE
A HUGE RAFT? WHY, BOGGS,
THAT'S JUST THE LEGEND OF THE
SARGASSO SEA! IT'S NOTHING
BUT A MYTH!

IT'S MORE
THAN JUST A
MYTH, GENTLE-
MEN!



THE SARGASSO
SEA! HA-HA!
THEY'RE THROWING AWAY EVERY
CENT THEY SPENT ON THIS CRAZY
EXPEDITION.

LET THEM LAUGH.
I'LL PROVE MY
THEORY SOME
DAY.



IT WAS A FEW DAYS LATER THAT IT HAPPENED. WITH-
OUT A SIGN OF WARNING, A GALE SUDDENLY SWEEP
ACROSS THE SEA...

THAT STORM CAME OUT OF
NOWHERE. I DON'T UNDER-
STAND IT.

AND NOT A CLOUD
IN THE SKY. I HAVEN'T
SEEN THE LIKE IN
THIRTY YEARS AT
SEA!



CAUGHT IN THAT UNEARTHLY STORM, THE SEAFoAM
WAS SOON HELPLESS...

SHE'S OPENED HER SEAMS, SIR. WE'RE
LEAKING BADLY, AND THE ENGINES
HAVE GONE DEAD. WE'LL HAVE TO
ABANDON HER.

ALL HANDS
TO THE LIFE-
BOATS!





HE STARED IN DISBELIEF AT THE HUNDREDS OF VESSELS AND ABANDONED DERELICTS THAT LAY MOORED ABOUT HIM... SHIPS OF EVERY NATION AND EVERY AGE! IT WAS BEYOND COMPREHENSION, BUT HE TRIED TO MAKE SENSE OF IT...

IT'S THE SARGASSO SEA! I'VE FOUND IT! I'VE PROVED MY THEORY AT LAST!



BUT IN THE NEXT MOMENT, HE WAS AWARE OF SOMETHING SHIMMERING FAR OUT ON THE HORIZON...

STRANGE! IT LOOKS AS IF SOMEONE HAS REPLACED THE SKY WITH A HUGE BOWL OF GLASS, STRETCHING FROM HORIZON TO HORIZON!

STEP BY NERVE-SHATTERING STEP, HE SEEMED TO BE MOVING BEYOND THE BORDERS OF SANITY...

AND THAT SIGN ABOVE THE SHIP... THERE'S SOME KIND OF SYMBOL MARKED ON IT IN A LANGUAGE I CAN'T READ!

GREAT SCOTT! EVERY SHIP HAS ONE OF THOSE STRANGE SIGNS FLOATING ABOVE IT... HELD THERE BY SOME INVISIBLE FORCE!



MAYBE IT'S NOT REAL... MAYBE I'VE GONE MAD! THAT STORM MUST HAVE DERANGED MY MIND...



THEN HE SAW THEM, IMMENSE DRBS THAT TOWERED HIGH OVER THE HORIZON BEHIND HIM...

EYES! TWO GIGANTIC EYES WATCHING ME! WHAT KIND OF A CREATURE CAN IT BE? WHAT KIND OF A PLACE IS THIS?



AND THEN, IN THE NEXT MOMENT, IT ALL ADDED UP TO ONE UNBELIEVABLE TRUTH!-----

THE SHIPS...THOSE STRANGE SIGNS, THAT TRANSPARENT WALL AND THOSE HUGE EYES. YES, THAT'S IT! THIS PLACE IS A HUGE MUSEUM...FOR CREATURES OF AN ALIEN WORLD!

THOSE STARING EYES --- I CAN'T STAND THEM! I MUST HIDE---



IN THE WEEKS THAT FOLLOWED, HE HID IN THE DEPTHS OF THE SHIPS... TRYING TO HOLD ON TO THE REMNANTS OF HIS SANITY...

THOSE EYES AGAIN---THEY'RE LOOKING FOR ME---THEY MUST HAVE SEEN ME THAT FIRST TIME...



BUT THE SCIENTIST WAS STILL ALIVE WITHIN HIM! SLOWLY, LANCELOT BOGGS PIECED TOGETHER THE WEIRD FACTS...

THE CREATURES THOSE EYES BELONG TO--- THEY'RE STUDYING OUR EARTH... THEY'VE COLLECTED THESE SHIPS FOR OBSERVATION...



BUT I CAN'T STAY HERE LIKE AN ANIMAL TRAPPED IN A CAGE! I'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE!



SLOWLY, AS THE MONTHS PASSED, HE FORMED A PLAN OF ESCAPE. BIT BY BIT, HE PIECED TOGETHER THE COURAGE TO MAKE THE TRY...

I COULD START THE SEAFOAM AND HEAD TOWARD THE HORIZON. WITH ENOUGH SPEED, I COULD SHATTER THE TRANSPARENT BOWL THAT HAS EVERYTHING BOTTLED UP IN HERE...



ANYTHING CAN HAPPEN IF THOSE EYES SPOT THE SHIP MOVING! IT MIGHT MEAN MY LIFE, BUT EVEN THAT'S BETTER THAN STAYING IN THIS GHASTLY, SILENT TOMB!



IN HIS CAREER AS OCEANOGRAPHER, LANCELOT HAD LEARNED SOMETHING ABOUT SHIPS. SOMEHOW, HE MANAGED TO START THE ENGINES OF THE SEAFOAM...



HE WAS HALFWAY TO THE TRANSPARENT WALL WHEN SUDDENLY...



THE REACTION OF THE ALIEN BEING WAS INSTANTANEOUS AND TERRIBLE...



ZIG-ZAGGING DESPERATELY, BOGGS HELD HIS COURSE TOWARD THE TRANSPARENT WALL...



AND THEN THE SHIMMERING, DANCING GLEAM OF THE TRANSPARENT WALL LOOMED AHEAD...



EVEN AS THE SHIP STRUCK, IT SEEMED TO BE ENVELOPED BY MIGHTY FORCES OF UNSPEAKABLE POWER---



HE WAS ENGULFED IN A WHIRLPOOL OF PURE FORCE --- AN INCREDIBLE MAELSTROM OF ENERGY HE COULDN'T UNDERSTAND...



IT WAS LONG AFTERWARD THAT HE AWOKE... TO FIND HIMSELF CLINGING TO SOME FLOATING WRECKAGE...

WHY, I'M--STILL ALIVE! IT'S A MIRACLE!

...AND THAT'S MY STORY! SOMEHOW I MANAGED TO HANG ONTO THAT WRECKAGE UNTIL YOU FOUND ME, GENTLEMEN.

THAT'S SOME STORY YOU'VE GOT THERE, MR. BOGGS!



ALIEN CREATURES! GIANT EYES! DERELICT SHIPS! LOOK, FRIEND, YOU CAN'T EXPECT US TO BELIEVE A WILD TALE LIKE THAT.

BUT YOU'VE GOT TO BELIEVE ME, IT'S TRUE... EVERY WORD OF IT!

THE WHOLE THING WAS IN YOUR MIND. YOUR LONG EXPOSURE TO THE ELEMENTS MADE YOU IMAGINE IT ALL!

NO! I DIDN'T IMAGINE IT... I DIDN'T! I'M TELLING YOU IT REALLY HAPPENED...



THEY LED HIM AWAY THEN, TREMBLING, BROKEN, OLD BEFORE HIS TIME...

POOR FELLOW! IT'LL BE A LONG TIME BEFORE HE RECOVERS FROM THAT NIGHTMARE. HE'S BEEN THROUGH...

IT WAS MORE THAN JUST A NIGHTMARE, CAPTAIN. IF YOU'LL STEP AFT, I HAVE SOMETHING TO SHOW YOU...



LOOK THERE---THE WRECKAGE BOGGS WAS FLOATING ON! IT'S SOME STRANGE, TRANSPARENT MATERIAL... I'VE NEVER SEEN ANYTHING LIKE IT BEFORE!

AND THOSE ODD SYMBOLS---IT MUST HAVE BEEN THE SIGN THAT WAS FLOATING OVER BOGGS' SHIP, THE *SEAFoam*!

IT CAN'T BE TRUE... IT'S TOO FANTASTIC!

AND YET I COULD SWEAR I FEEL EYES WATCHING... WATCHING US!



WAS IT A NIGHTMARE OR REALITY? WHAT DO YOU THINK, READER?

(The END!)

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YOU MAY LAUGH AT HIS FAR-FETCHED THEORY, YOU MAY HOLD HIM UP TO SCIENTIFIC SCORN---BUT RICK FOSTER KNOWS THE TRUTH NOW! FOR ONLY HE HAS SEEN WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN THE FATE OF A...

WORLD IN TORMENT!

STORY:
JONATHAN BURNS
ART:
PAUL REINMAN

EWANA, I WARNED YOU NOT TO OFFEND THE SPIRITS! SEE HOW THE EARTH BOILS WITH FIRE...AND THE SUN SPINS IN THE SKY!



HIGH IN THE AFRICAN UPLANDS, THERE WAS DISSENSION IN THE INTERNATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC EXPEDITION...

FOSTER, ALL THAT THIS GRAVEL AND BOULDERS PROVE IS THAT THESE MOUNTAINS WERE ONCE COVERED WITH A HUGE GLACIER.

THEY PROVE A LOT MORE THAN THAT, DR. SLODDEN. I'M CERTAIN THAT THIS PART OF AFRICA WAS ONCE THE EARTH'S SOUTH POLE!

LOOK AT THIS CHART! MY STUDIES PROVE THAT THE CRUST OF THE EARTH ONCE SHIFTED FOR THOUSANDS OF MILES--AND THAT THE EARTH'S POLES MOVED ALONG WITH IT!

YOU'RE WASTING TIME, FOSTER. THE THEORY OF MIGRATING POLES WAS DISPROVEN BY GEOLOGISTS MANY YEARS AGO!

UNLESS YOU AGREE TO STOP INVESTIGATING THIS WORTHLESS THEORY OF YOURS, I'LL HAVE TO DISMISS YOU FROM THE EXPEDITION!

IF THAT'S THE WAY YOU FEEL, DR. SLODDEN, PLEASE ACCEPT MY RESIGNATION!



FOSTER'S KINDLY TREATMENT EARNED THE LOYALTY OF SEVERAL NATIVE BEARERS. AMONG THESE WAS KANAI--

YOU SHOULD HAVE GONE DOWNTSTREAM WITH THE REST OF THE EXPEDITION, KANAI.

NO, BWANA FOSTER! WHILE YOU STAY IN UPLANDS, KANAI AND THE OTHERS STAY WITH YOU.



IT WAS THEN THAT FOSTER REVEALED HIS PLANS--

MY WORK NEEDS FURTHER INVESTIGATION, KANAI. IF MY GUESS IS RIGHT, I'LL FIND THE INFORMATION I NEED OUT THERE--IN THOSE HIGH MOUNTAINS.

BUT BWANA,
THAT IS A CURSED PLACE!



AMONG MY PEOPLE, THOSE MOUNTAINS HAVE ALWAYS BEEN TABOO--FORBIDDEN! FOR IT IS SAID THAT IN THEM DWELL SPIRITS WITH POWER TO DESTROY THE WORLD IF THEY ARE ANGERED!

I HAVE SAID MY JOURNEY LIES IN THAT DIRECTION--AND SPIRITS DO NOT FRIGHTEN ME! BUT IF KANAI AND THE OTHERS ARE AFRAID--

WE ARE NOT AFRAID, BWANA.



IF BWANA FOSTER GOES TO THE PLACE OF DANGER, THEN WE WILL FOLLOW!



TWO WEEKS LATER THEY REACHED THE HEADWATERS OF THE RIVER. FOR DAYS THE BEARERS HAD SHOWN INCREASING ANXIETY--AND NOW...

THE MEN ARE FRIGHTENED MORE THAN EVER. THEY WILL GO NO FURTHER!

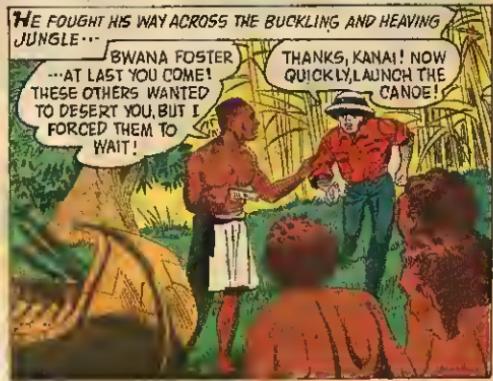
ALL RIGHT, THEN, LET THEM WAIT HERE AND YOU STAY HERE TOO, KANAI--TO KEEP AN EYE ON THE SUPPLIES.

THE MOUNTAINS ARE ONLY A HALF DAY'S JOURNEY FROM HERE. I'LL FINISH THE TRIP BY MYSELF. AND IF I FIND ANY SPIRITS, I'LL BRING ONE BACK FOR YOU!

IT IS NOT GOOD TO JEST OF SUCH THINGS. THESE MOUNTAINS NIDE SECRETS THAT YOU DARE NOT DREAM OF!







THEN CAME A SUDDEN FALL OF TEMPERATURE--AND WITH IT, A NEW TERROR FOR THE NATIVES...



DAY AFTER DAY THEY MOVED DOWNSTREAM THROUGH THE INCREASING COLD. ALREADY MOST OF THE STREAM WAS FROZEN...



HE HEARD IT THEN, THE CONFIRMATION OF ALL HIS FEARS...

EARTHQUAKES AND LANDSLIDES ARE SHAKING THE CONTINENTS OF THE WORLD! SEARCH PLANES REVEAL THAT THE ARCTIC AND ANTARCTIC ICECAPS ARE MELTING...



AS HE LISTENED, FOSTER COULD SEE IN HIS MIND'S EYE WHAT MIGHT HAPPEN--THE FLOODED SEAS ENGULFING THE COAST PORTS, ISLANDS AND CONTINENTS SINKING BENEATH THE WAVES...



ALREADY, REFUGEES WERE FLEEING THE QUAKES AND FLOODS...



THE ANNOUNCER'S FINAL COMMENT AWOKE FOSTER TO AWFUL REALITY...

...SCIENTISTS CONFIRM THAT THE DISASTERS ARE BEING CAUSED BY A SUDDEN SHIFT OF THE EARTH'S AXIS! WHEN THE SHIFT IS COMPLETED, THE NEW NORTH POLE WILL BE SOMEWHERE IN THE PACIFIC--THE SOUTH POLE IN THE MOUNTAINS OF AFRICA!



THE MOUNTAINS OF AFRICA!...THAT ANCIENT BUILDING... IT HAD SOMETHING TO DO WITH ALL THIS! I'VE GOT TO GO BACK!



BUT THE NATIVES QUAILLED AT THE VERY SUGGESTION OF RETURNING ...

GO BACK?

HAS THE BWANA GONE MAD? MISFORTUNE HAS FOLLOWED US EVER SINCE WE FIRST ENTERED THAT CURSED REGION ...

YES, KANAI, AND THAT IS WHY I MUST RETURN THERE--FOR I KNOW NOW THAT I AM RESPONSIBLE FOR THESE TERRIBLE THINGS THAT HAVE HAPPENED!



SWIFTLY HE TOLD THE STORY OF THE OLD BUILDING--OF THE STRANGE STONE KNOB HE HAD PRESSED WITH SUCH TRAGIC RESULTS...

I COULDN'T ASK FOR A BETTER COMPANION ON SUCH A PERILOUS JOURNEY!

ENOUGH--I SEE THAT THE BWANA MUST RETURN! AND KANAI MUST GO WITH HIM!



THEY LEFT THE OTHERS BEHIND AND STARTED THE LONG TREK BACKWARD ...

THIS LAND IS STRANGE TO ME NOW. HOW WILL WE RETRACE OUR TRAIL?

NOW THAT THE RIVER HAS FROZEN, ALL WE HAVE TO DO IS HIKE BACK OVER THE ICE.



IT WAS A WEEK LATER THAT THE FEARSOME JOURNEY ENDED ...

THIS IS THE SPOT WE STARTED FROM, BWANA FOSTER--BUT I AM TOO SICK, TOO WEARY TO GO ON.

THEN I'LL HAVE TO FINISH THE JOB ALONE, KANAI. EVERY MOMENT COUNTS ... THERE ARE MILLIONS OF LIVES AT STAKE!



RICK FOSTER CLAMBERED UP INTO THE MOUNTAINS UNTIL ...

THIS IS IT! THIS IS THE PLACE! BUT... BUT THE OLD BUILDING IS BURIED SOMEWHERE BENEATH ALL THAT SNOW AND ICE!

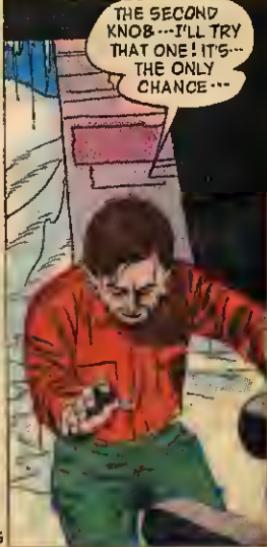


THEN IT BEGAN--THE LONG, WEARYING HOURS OF DIGGING, CLAWING, HACKING AT THE ICE WITH RAGGED BOOTS AND BRUISED HANDS, UNTIL ...

THE DOOR! THERE IT IS--AT LAST!



THE SECOND KNOB--I'LL TRY THAT ONE! IT'S--THE ONLY CHANCE ...



HE GRASPED THE KNOB--AND ONCE AGAIN IT HAPPENED! SUDDENLY THE EARTH WAS HEAVING, SHAKING BEHIND HIS FEET--

IT'S BEGUN! I'VE GOT TO GET BACK--THROUGH THE DOOR--



THROUGH DAZED EYES HE SAW IT ONCE MORE--THE SUN SPINNING AND WHEELING ACROSS THE SKY--



THEN, SUDDENLY, IT WAS ALL TOO MUCH FOR HIM--TOO MUCH FOR HIS SPENT BODY AND EXHAUSTED BRAIN--

I CAN'T STAND IT ANYMORE--EVERYTHING TURNING BLACK--



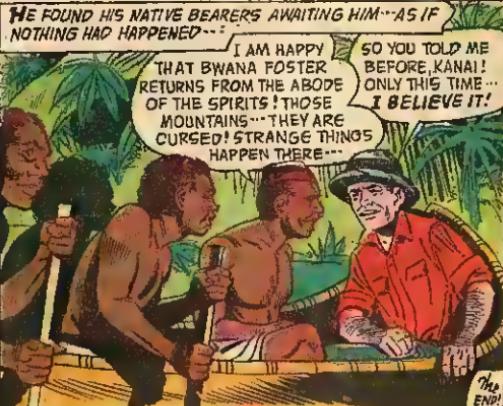
HE DIDN'T KNOW HOW LONG AFTERWARD IT WAS THAT HE CAME TO HIS SENSES. SOMEHOW, THE FEAR AND EXHAUSTION WERE GONE. IT WAS AS IF HE HAD AWAKENED FROM A NIGHTMARE...

WHAT'S HAPPENED?
EVERYTHING'S BACK THE WAY IT WAS! COULD IT ALL HAVE BEEN A DREAM? OR MAYBE I WAS HAVING VISIONS FROM JUNGLE FEVER OR SUN-STROKE...



NO, I'M NOT GOING IN THERE AGAIN! IF THOSE OLD RUINS ARE GOING TO BE INVESTIGATED SOMEONE ELSE WILL HAVE TO DO IT!

HE FOUND HIS NATIVE BEARERS AWAITING HIM--AS IF NOTHING HAD HAPPENED--



I AM HAPPY THAT BWANA FOSTER RETURNS FROM THE ABODE OF THE SPIRITS! THOSE MOUNTAINS--THEY ARE CURSED! STRANGE THINGS HAPPEN THERE...

SO YOU TOLD ME BEFORE, KANAI! ONLY THIS TIME... I BELIEVE IT!

THE END!

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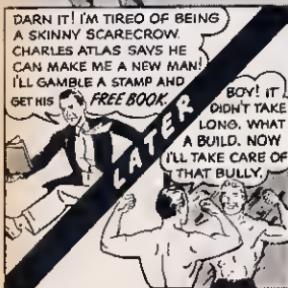
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